

## THE DRAMA OF BROTHERHOOD

APPLIED CHRISTIANITY SET  
FORTH ON STAGE.

"The Servant in the House" an absorbing Human Story and a Powerful Christian (or Socialistic) Sermon, Beautifully Acted and Greeted With Enthusiasm.

There is small wonder that Henry Miller, whom we are now indebted for another extraordinary theatrical treat, chose to produce "The Servant in the House" for the first time on Broadway at a matinee. That strange conglomeration "a typical first night audience," with its critics and non-critics, its butterflies of the theatre, its Tenderloin connoisseurs, its jumble of sects and races, is not an audience in which the ethical passion dominates or which greatly cares for exhibitions of the ethical passion in others. And "The Servant in the House" was hammered out in the white heat of an ethical passion, glowing with sympathy and purpose. Mr. Miller was wise to show the play at the Savoy Theatre yesterday afternoon before an audience carefully chosen, keenly sympathetic for all serious effort, and it must be added, at the close of the performance greatly and justly enthusiastic.

And when the play is to-night exposed to the attention of the public this judgment will hardly be reversed, since the public by and large, can and does care for ethical passion, respects it, is moved by it. The cry for human brotherhood, the personal, the human appeal of the Man of Sorrows, are very near, very dear to us. That is the cry and that the appeal of this play. If it is a play not philosophically performed (though perhaps it is more profound than all philosophies), its emotional appeal is as direct and as profound as the ethical instinct in the heart of man. Surely it cannot fail! That would stagger all belief.

The author of this remarkable drama, which is at once a morality and a narrative, about concrete human beings which does with sure and vivid strokes what the author of "The Struggle Everlasting" gropingly and clumsily tried to do, is Charles Fenn Kennedy, husband of Edith Wynne Matilda Kennedy. Mr. Kennedy in his little speech attributed to Walter Hampden, who played the leading part, the credit of bringing the play to Henry Miller's attention. And Mr. Miller not only wisely put Mr. Hampden in the title part and Miss Mathison in another part but he chose actors of skill for all the roles and trained them into a beautifully working ensemble. Everything that could be done for the play except to eliminate a tendency to rant from Charles Dalton's done. And the play did the rest.

And what is the play? Who is this Servant in the House? Obviously at first he is a butler from India come into the home of an English vicar. Then he is extended to the brother of this vicar, now the Bishop of Benares. Finally, though that is never stated in so many words, he is the Christ Himself, the Christ spirit incarnate, whose picture has hung on the wall through the five swift acts to suggest by its physical resemblance the haunting overtones of the miraculous and the divine.

And this house into which he comes, as Servant for reasons too obvious to need expounding, is sorely in need of spiritual sweeping, not because sin is there, in any grosser sense, but because hypocrisy is there, and small, selfish aims and only the form, not the spirit, of Christianity. The Servant becomes the Master. Now tenderly, now with eloquent scorn, as when he thunders in the deaf Lord Bishop's ear, "God is not watching; let's give as little as we can and grab as much as possible," he sweeps clean the souls of all. The Master, he believes that God builds his temples on the ruins of churches in the human heart. Like his Master (if he is not himself the Master), he knows no distinctions of race or creed or class. He knows only love and forgiveness and brotherhood.

And so he reconciles blood brother with brother and gives to a little girl a father's love and to the broken father his lost soul back again and to a woman made mean by selfish love for her husband a perverse, good; a wider view; and a vicar he makes a Christian. Only the Lord Bishop he does not reform. Him he picks out of the house, even as one of the money changers. And all this he accomplishes so sweetly and tenderly and nobly and masterfully that the play becomes more than any sermon a spiritual help and a lovely lesson; and, as no sermon can do, it keeps before the eye a concrete story that trembles over on the verge of tears, happy tears at last, which cleanse the spirit and sweeten the heart.

It was no slight task to play the Servant without offense, if only because of his likeness to the Christ. Walter Hampden, in a beautiful Eastern role, perhaps suggested by Paul Douglas, the artist, who is his brother, played the part with a sweet and eloquent dignity, a large simplicity of voice and gesture and pose, a fine sincerity, which stamps his performance as that of a fine and conscientious artist. A later issue will be needed justly to estimate his work, as, indeed, that of the others, and the play itself. Tyrone Power played the role of the broken-down brother of the vicar, who found himself through his love for his daughter. It was a picturesque part and Mr. Power played it not only picturesquely but eloquently. When Mr. Power is good he is very good. He is good in this play. Pretty played by Miss Mathison as the little daughter, the scenes between father and child Mr. Power made touching to the point of tears.

Of course Miss Mathison, though her part is comparatively a slight one, was a treat to see, even more to hear. And Arthur Lewis and Galwey Herbert must be mentioned for their contributions. To Charles Dalton fell the role of the vicar. Mr. Dalton has the heavy manner, shall we say, of the old school? A little softening, a toning down, a greater naturalism in his work would help the effect of the play. The action of the drama is coincident with the time of the performance, and the curtain, save after Act III, remains down but half a minute. This speed and illusion are remarkably attained for a play that under any circumstances would be remarkable.

Changes in "Lonesome Town." What was announced as the 225th performance of "Lonesome Town," in which Kolb Hill is played by the original cast, at the Circle Theatre last night by a few changes in the show. Edna Dornis appeared in the role of Anna Pench in place of Edith Whiteley, and a new feature, the "Lonesome Town" was brought on from the Coast to assist in singing "My Cigarette Maid."

## "GIRLS" OF THE RIGHT SORT.

The New Fitch Farce Is Bright and Merry and Brisk.

Bowing, in his "Kingdom and People of Blam," tells of a Siamese play in which the naive and childish desire for realism went so far that after the actors had left the stage the actresses undressed and took their bath. In the play they were said to be alone, so there was no reason to be ashamed of their nudity. In our more sophisticated Occidental civilization women undress on the stage for not quite the same reason. They are influenced not by the fact that the actors have departed but by the fact that the audience has arrived! It's a great thing, evolution.

Which general reflection is inspired by "Girls," Clyde Fitch's latest comedy, with an indebtedness credited to a play by Hugo Holtz. It was shown at Daly's Theatre last evening. Whatever share Herr Holtz had in the original scenario, "Girls" as it now stands is Fitch all over, and Fitch in a merry, irresponsible mood, the mood of romantic farce. Telling the story of three girls who try to be bachelors together and sing "No Wedding Bells" as a hymn, but who ultimately fall before the inevitable Archer, Mr. Fitch has applied a thousand and one of those deliciously observed and always timely bits of realism of which he is a master, like a bright garment, to his tale. And he has added bright speeches and novel situations, and provided acting that makes his purpose clear. He has, too, steered clear of sentimentality in the rather Tennysonian ending of his play.

It was in Act I, that he chose to exhibit one of those "surprises" that he is supposed always to provide. It was nothing less than the pretty spectacle of his three bachelors going to bed. One of them went to bed in the Morris chair, one on the couch, one in the folding bed. Curiously she was not the one who said her prayers! It was all accomplished with nice decorum, and Miss Ruth Mayfield, who was adorable as the youngest of the girls, might well be excused for any excuse to show her hair. After they were all abed the stream pipe in their flat set up a slumber song. One thousand flat dwellers in the audience shouted with sympathetic woe.

Laura Nelson Hall and Amy Ricard played the other two girls. Miss Hall took care less she acquire by imitation the artificial inflections of Miss Ricard's speech. Charles Cherry was a most genial and engaging lover, light and easy and effortless in his acting. And many lesser players added to the pleasure of a capital entertainment.

## PARIS BIDS HIGH FOR CARUSO.

But the Singer Declines—Will Appear in London in Concerts at \$5,000 Each.

Signor Caruso declined yesterday an offer to sing at the Grand Opera in Paris. The new directors, MM. Messager and Broussais, want him to sing eight times in the latter part of June and the beginning of July and offered the Conried Metropolitan Opera Company, which controls the services of the tenor, \$2,500 an appearance, which amount the theatre will pay to any singer. Signor Caruso declined on the ground that he would be too tired by that time to do himself justice and preferred to come to America.

It is probable that he will accept the offer received last week from London. He is wanted for eight appearances in the English capital, five to be made in the spring and three in October, in Albert Hall. For each concert he is to receive \$5,000, the highest amount ever paid to a singer. There is a tradition that Mme. Patti once received in South America the same amount for appearing in one night there. That is not well authenticated. Of course Signor Caruso himself will get only the \$2,000 guaranteed to him by the Conried Metropolitan Opera Company. It is the knowledge of the Londoners that makes Signor Caruso's chafe under the terms of his New York contract.

Oscar Hammerstein is also realizing tonight that tenors come high. He is in negotiation with the theatre of the Grand Opera, formerly of the Imperial Opera House in Vienna. This singer, who is a Pole, refused to sign a new contract there on the ground that he was waiting to go to America. He is in Italian, although he has a far made to public appearances in that language. Mr. Hammerstein is now working on a salary of \$2,000 an appearance and the travelling and living expenses of five persons. If the manager of the Manhattan finds that he can accept these terms M. Slezak will take the place of Signor Caruso, who is not to return next season.

## TETRAZZINI IN "TRAVIATA."

New Latest Appearance as Violetta Distinguished by Several New Gowns.

The usual large audience filled the Manhattan Opera House last evening to hear Mme. Tetrazzini. The opera was "La Traviata," in which this singer has already been heard plentifully by this public. The only manner in which her performance of the role of Violetta was distinguished last evening from her preceding appearances in the same part was by the fact that she wore several new gowns. Mme. Tetrazzini, who is a native of Italy, is in the honora, while M. Ancona as Giorgio Germont was also applauded. Mr. Crabbe was the Dr. Grenville, and the other parts were distributed between Mrs. Zaccaria, Severina and M. Venturini, Fossetta and Reschiglian.

Mr. Campanini was in the conductor's chair.

## "Mignon" at the Metropolitan.

At the Metropolitan Opera House last evening Ambrose Thomas's "Mignon" was sung in Italian. The bad weather had little effect on the attendance, except to delay arrivals, even in those parts of the house where a point is made of prompt arrival. When the curtains opened not half a minute later than the usual time, the orchestra floor and box tiers and most of the circles above were filled with people who stayed the opera through and applauded the singer liberally, especially Miss Farrer in the second act. Miss Farrer was Mignon, Miss Abbott appeared as Filina and Mme. Jacoby as Federico. MM. Bonci, Pianon, Lucas and Milhennsang respectively the roles of Guglielmo, Letero, Leete and Giorgio. M. Bovy was the conductor.

## PLAYED FOR JENNY LIND.

Death of 90 of the Only Surviving Charter Member of St. Cecilia Lodge.

Thomas Stanley Nedham, who was a violinist in the orchestra which played for Jenny Lind when she sang at Castle Garden and who has for many years been connected with the piano trade in this city, died yesterday at his home, 23 West Eighty-second street. He was 90 years old and was a native of Leicester, England. He came to this country in 1848. He was one of the founders of the Chamber Music Club and for ten years was organist of the Floating Church. He was the only surviving charter member of the St. Cecilia lodge of the Masonic order. He is survived by his wife and two sons, Henry B., president of the New Jersey Portland Cement Company, and Thomas S. Nedham.

## BROOKLYN WANTS B. BURTON.

He May Be Called From Yale to the Church of the Pilgrims.

The Rev. M. Le Roy Burton, a professor in Yale College, is likely to receive soon a unanimous call to the pastorate of the Church of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn, which has been vacant since the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Dewey. The connection which has had charge of the selection of a new pastor favors Prof. Burton as its first choice, and as soon as it is known that he would accept it the call will be tendered.

## LADIES! THINK BEAUTIFULLY!

AND YOU'LL HAVE CURVED LINES INSTEAD OF WRINKLES.

Mrs. Ivah de Chipenham Bergh is Here From Chicago to Make You Think Right—You May Think You're Beautiful, but Are You? She Will Tell You.

"Now hurry up," said the voice over the telephone. "She's up in East Fifty-ninth street and she is full of beautiful thoughts. She is just in from Chicago."

When you get a hurry call like that you just leap from your little iron cot like it was scorching you, slide down the brass pole into your clothes, which you have thoughtfully placed there the night before so that you hit 'em before you have time to let go of the pole, sling a suspender over one shoulder, bound into the seat, seize the reins, cluck to Dobbin the gray, Satan the black and Eunice the bay and out of the firehouse doors you roll and up the avenue to East Fifty-ninth street you gallop, ding-dong, to beat the Empire State.

All this occurred yesterday almost quicker than it takes to tell. Haste was necessary, as a cargo of beautiful thoughts from Chicago is in some danger of sustaining immediate and severe loss in this climate. Her name is Mrs. Ivah de Chipenham Bergh. You pronounce that first one in the manner affected by the young person who goes to join the angels in the final tableau of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," meaning that the "I" is Gallic, as in "eel." Mrs. Bergh, however, insists that it never was "Eva," no matter how much it sounds like it. You would scarcely expect to find anybody with such a Christian name who was a Brander Matthews speller. But such is Mrs. Ivah de Chipenham Bergh, for she describes herself as a teacher of Aesthetic Physical Culture—and that's the way she spells it too.

"You see," said Mrs. Bergh, "my idea is this—let me put your umbrella out in the hall. Beautiful thoughts make beautiful women. No woman can go on thinking sharp, angular thoughts and hope to possess the curves of beauty. She will herself grow angular and unlovely and distorted. [A ring at the door.] You see, oh, how do you do? Well, I wonder who could have told all you reporters? I was just remarking to these other gentlemen that angular thoughts are inconsistent with personal beauty. No, I don't think that mere thinking about beautiful things will make a woman beautiful. I combine the aesthetic with the physical."

"I have a series of eighteen rhythmic phrases which respond to the count of eight. For example, one of them is like this: 'Gracious lives make gracious women.' This is repeated while a rubber band is stretched slowly to its limit and then as slowly allowed to resume its original position."

"Another of those phrases of beauty is 'In thyself lies triumph and defeat.' Don't you see how inspiring that phrase is? I have found it particularly efficacious in the case of bashful or retiring women. It gives them self-confidence and a new sense of treatment for different varieties of subjects. Much of our most prevalent unloveliness is caused because women go about all the time with their heads down, or saying and thinking unkind and uncharitable things about their friends and acquaintances. For this class is the phrase 'Beautiful thoughts make beautiful women,' which I have already referred to. You have no idea how successful I have found it."

"It is the elongated development of the muscles that women seek and which I strive to give them. The beauty and development which is all very well for men is of no service to women whatever."

"Then as I understand it, Mrs. Bergh," said a young person in skirts as she posed her fountain pen over the notebook of a reporter's notebook, with the pages all numbered for purposes of reference, "the prime feature of your system is thinking—beautiful thinking."

"Yes, that is it," said the beauty thinker. "Of course all true beauty comes from within. It isn't skin deep by any means. It is on the contrary, skin deep. Suppose for example that your eyes were often turned on some handsome or horrible sight. Your thoughts would take on that character and be reflected in your expression. You would develop wrinkles at a terrific rate."

The reverse of this proposition is just as true," continued the beauty thinker, as the young person in skirts wrote frantically her fountain pen. "Let a woman's gaze be fixed on the lovely and pleasing sights, like children or lovely pictures, and how can it fail that the beautiful thoughts thus inspired shall be reflected in the face?"

"When I was in Chicago a young woman wrote a piece about me that said that my system was just one of thinking—beautiful. Of course that isn't true and that article annoyed me very much. I could not get an effort to keep my mind off it. I remember that I had to spend a whole afternoon at an art gallery. That is my way. If I meet unpleasant people, people who get on my nerves or fill me with unpleasant thoughts, instead of letting my mind dwell on them I go away from them and fill my mind with beautiful thoughts. I recall to my memory some beautiful poem of I forget a while and look at some pretty flowers in some florist's window until I have forgotten all about them."

Mrs. Bergh added that when she was in Chicago certain circles adopted as a result of her work a sort of motto which was: "It was the custom to repeat upon meeting it was 'Good morning. Are you thinking in curves this morning?' This was used as a substitute for 'Hello, Bill,' or 'How're all the folks?'"

"Well," said the young person with the perfectly good reporter's notebook, "will beautiful thoughts entirely remove and prevent wrinkles?"

"Why, of course," replied Mrs. Bergh. "If the treatment is taken soon enough. Of course in the case of women who have been thinking unpleasant thoughts for some time it will take a little more time, but the very beginning is sort of start the wrinkles. This is only in the case of habitually discontented thinkers. But the massage need not be continued long and the treatment should be continued with harmonious thinking."

It appears that only ten lessons will be given in harmonious thinking. That's quite enough for women who only wish to be beautiful. If you wish to teach other women how to become beautiful of course a longer course of instruction is necessary. Mrs. Bergh's grandmother was 75 when she died and she was the most beautiful old lady you could imagine. Everybody who saw her for the first time would always exclaim 'What a beautiful old lady!' And she thought nothing but sweet, harmonious thoughts. I thought that beautiful and charitable thoughts, all her life. She found beauty wherever she went, her granddaughter says."

So if you don't like your face go and stare at whatever you think most lovely—a broiled live lobster or Pete Daley or whatever it may happen to be.

Carnegie Gives \$10,000 to Firemen's Fund. Andrew Carnegie has contributed \$10,000 to the Firemen's Memorial Fund. This donation from Mr. Carnegie with others received yesterday by Gen. Thomas L. James, treasurer, brought up the total of the fund to \$27,367.22.

## FINDING THE PRINCE DE SAGAN

In Montreal, New York, Philadelphia and Other Places.

Whether or not New York has been entertaining unwelcome Prince Helle de Sagan the developments of yesterday make it hard to determine. If W. H. Thomson, who registered on Sunday at the Prince George Hotel in East Twenty-eighth street, a man of some height and weight, with mustache tinged with gray and a slight if not insignificant imperial pendant from the lower lip, is not the Prince it is up to him to prove it.

As the narrative goes, the person who is or is not the Prince de Sagan came over on an Allan liner to Canada and was on his way to this city on a Delaware and Hudson train when his identity became known. In order to get into this country he had to show his letter of credit, which, according to information detailed later by a commercial traveller on the same train, bore the noble name.

The United States immigration officials at Montreal say they have no report that the traveller known as Thompson revealed himself as the Prince de Sagan.

Thompson did not register at the Prince George Hotel coming from anywhere. It was reported that on Sunday evening he was a guest at the home of Tyler Morse in the Wyoming apartments, at Seventh avenue and Fifty-fifth street, and dined there with Mrs. Gould, who it is assumed, is the reason for his coming here. Mr. Morse has denied that de Sagan was there, although Mrs. Gould was. He said that another man present at the dinner was his brother, Isidore, and that a mistake had been made in believing de Sagan to have been present.

Mrs. Gould is staying at the home of her sister, Miss Helen Gould. Inquirers there yesterday were told that Miss Gould did not know anything about the story as told and that there was nothing to say about it.

The further movements of the man supposed to be the Prince who wants to marry the divorced wife of his relative, Count Boni de Castellane, are thus reported:

He got up early yesterday morning and said he was going to take a 7:20 o'clock train on the Pennsylvania. He refused to get to the Pennsylvania station on his way out and got into a cab, leaving behind his baggage, as well as \$100 in cash with the clerk. He got as far uptown as Thirty-first street, where he told the cabman to drive him to the Grand Central Station. In view of the fact that he left behind word to forward his mail to the New Willard Hotel in Washington this was rather an odd way to go about it. However, he changed his mind again later and sent the driver in the direction of the Pennsylvania ferry.

When Thomson left the Prince George Hotel he would be back in a few days. According to one source of information some of his several trunks were marked de Sagan, while another informant said that he did not use any marks on the trunks. Despatches from Washington last night said that no W. H. Thomson was at the New Willard and that Prince de Sagan was not at the French Embassy in Washington. Thomson had plenty of time to get to Washington before the departure of the train.

PHILADELPHIA, March 23.—A man registered this morning at the Bellevue-Stratford as Bertrand Dufresne, of Paris, France. Persons who had seen Prince Helle de Sagan in London and Paris said they were certain that Dufresne is the Prince.

Dufresne insisted that he was a French merchant on a business trip. He said he had seen both the Prince and his father, Count de Sagan, in London and Paris. He said, "I tell you I am Monsieur Dufresne," he said, "and I have never seen Mme. Anna Gould. How can I then express any opinion as to the probability that the Prince may marry her? Of course I know nothing about it."

## CITY JOBBERS SPIED UPON.

Amusing Scenes Witnessed by Private Investigators in Queens.

The Farmers Club, representing 600 petitioners, met in Literary Hall, Bayside, last night and heard reports of work done by the highives in Queens that sounded like paragraphs from a country barber shop joke book. These reports were made in all seriousness. The information contained in them was gathered by men who witnessed the scenes described. Among the investigators were G. Howland Levitt, former County Clerk David L. Van Nostrand, W. A. Van Sicken, H. D. Lott, H. B. Cornell and Charles Powell, all prominent and wealthy. The object of the association is to try to correct the evils which the members say exist in the performance of city work in Queens borough.

Mr. Powell, who served as a highway commissioner under the old town of Flushing, told of four men and two foremen consuming forty-one and a half days in cleaning a gutter 1,100 feet long. There was an extra shovel on the job every day and while the fifth workman never appeared Mr. Powell felt sure his name was on the payroll.

"I saw five laborers and two foremen at Little Neck the other day," said Mr. Cornell, "trying to set a grating one foot by three. There were so many men in the crowd that they fought to see who would get hold of the grating."

Then Mr. Cornell told of a gray-haired, bearded man who drives over from Whitestone with a gray tottering horse to work on the highway. Twice a day he takes a lot of weeds along the roadside to the work and then drives back to his home in Whitestone.

"One day," he said, "the horse fell down the hill and the entire gang on the work spent the afternoon getting the horse back on its feet and discussing the case."

"But that isn't it with the fat foreman, who gets to the work every day between 12 and 2 o'clock in the afternoon. This particular foreman arrives on the ground, puts up a nice cozy retreat, takes off his shoes and spends an hour or so reading the papers. Then he puts on his shoes and starts for home. The other day his gang cut out a lot of weeds along the roadside and after they had been carefully placed in a heap the fat foreman came along and sat down on the pile and they all spent a hour discussing where they should burn the weeds."

Ex-County Clerk Van Nostrand was next on his feet. "I want to tell you," he said, "about a steam roller that has been standing in the roadway behind my house all winter. Every morning a man comes around and builds up the fire under the boiler and when he leaves at nightfall another man takes his place and keeps the fire going. This steam roller has remained in one place all winter."

## Breeze-Fish.

Miss Julia Kean Fish and William Lawrence Breeze of London, England, were married yesterday afternoon in St. James's Protestant Episcopal Church, Madison avenue and Seventy-first street. Bishop Courtney, the rector of the church, performed the ceremony at 4 o'clock. The bride wore a gown of white satin with a lace collar and lace and embroidered in Alice blue. She carried a bouquet of white orchids and lilies of the valley.

The bridesmaids were Misses Julia and Rosamond Fish, sisters of the bride, were bridesmaids. They wore gowns of white chiffon over tulle. By the father of the bride, the bridegroom, the bride and the bridesmaids were escorted by the bridegroom's brother, the bride's brother, the bride's sister and the bride's sister. The bridegroom's brother, the bride's brother, the bride's sister and the bride's sister were escorted by the bridegroom's brother, the bride's brother, the bride's sister and the bride's sister.

The church ceremony the bride's father, Hamilton Fish, gave a reception at his residence, 55 East Seventy-seventh street.

## IBSEN PLAY COMPLICATED

BY THE LEADING LADY'S STRIKE AND OTHER MATTERS.

Somebody Sent Notices to Patrons That the Performance Had Been Postponed. The Play Was Given With Mabel Wright, Not Grace Elliott, in the Lead.

Take an Ibsen play and complicate it with a balky leading woman, contradictory and possibly malicious reports of a postponed performance, a suddenly rearranged cast and a rainy afternoon, and you have a fair stock of material for another play.

The preliminaries appear to be that a young manager named George D. Ford thought that some matinees of Ibsen's "Love Comedy" in English would pay. That was his first idea. Then he had a second, which was to insure a good house for his first performance, and this he sought to do by offering to turn over to the receipts of the first performance to a charity having an imposing list of lady patronesses. The charitable women thought they could sell out the house, as "Love's Comedy" had never been done anywhere in English and would have the selling power of Ibsen plus novelty.

The manager took the metrical translation made for the Long English edition by Prof. C. H. Herford of Oxford. He selected a cast for the play including Grace Elliott as Srenhild, proceeded with rehearsals and announced the first performance for yesterday afternoon at the Hudson Theatre. The rehearsals "looked good" to all concerned, especially to Grace Elliott, according to the manager, and bright visions appeared of many matinees with perhaps a regular season of night performances.

Thus it was up to Saturday last, when Manager Ford was presented by Miss Elliott's lawyer with a short, sharp demand for a readjustment of her scale of wages and for the Sherman law as to combinations in restraint of trade.

The manager didn't have time to get an injunction and wasn't certain Mr. Gompers would let it operate if he did. But he couldn't trust Miss Elliott's second thought views on the salary question. So he looked over his troupe of players and told Mabel Wright, cast for the small part of Anna, to take the lead. He had a best thought on the part of Srenhild home with her and come to rehearsal Saturday last perfect.

Then somebody, or as a growing literary light might say "a certain party," got away and sent out some hundreds of telephone calls and mail notices to the effect that there would be nothing doing in the Ibsen line at the Hudson Theatre yesterday afternoon.

The box office heard of this first in the way of a hundred demands for return of money. But the play went on just the same. Announcement was made from the stage that Mabel Wright would play Srenhild and her understudy, Ella Watson, play Anna. Any one so disposed could get his money back. No one seemed so disposed and the curtain went up. Miss Wright not only played her lastly assumed part well, but very well.

## GOV. JOHNSON'S DENIAL.

Rebuttal of Report of His Sentiments Printed in "Everybody's Magazine."

MINNEAPOLIS, March 23.—Gov. Johnson, speaking of an article by Charles Edward Russell in the April Everybody's Magazine, to-day said:

"The article is entirely mistaken as to my position regarding trusts and associated evils that afflict the country. Whether it is purposely mistaken or not I shall not attempt to say. The attitude ascribed to me is absolutely untrue."

"As is generally known from my many public utterances on the very question, I have no sympathy with so-called predatory interests. I told Mr. Russell in my conversation with him that I believed the way to curb these interests was to remove special privileges given these interests in tariff schedules."

"Naturally, I am averse to discussing the article and believe that my position is sufficiently well understood generally to make discussion unnecessary."

## May Find Job for John Mitchell.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., March 23.—John Mitchell, retiring president of the United Mine Workers, will on Saturday go to Washington to confer with President Roosevelt regarding a commission to investigate conditions in the Panama Canal Zone.



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One-half of the population of the United States is served by the New York Central Lines

It means something to be serving 45,000,000 exacting American people with transportation facilities, and the New York Central Lines only grew to serve the greater number of millions by serving the lesser number properly. Here is a sample of one branch of the service,—the through passenger trains operated daily from New York.

Eighteen daily trains to Buffalo. Fifteen daily trains to Chicago. Fourteen daily trains to Niagara Falls. Eight daily trains to Cleveland. Eleven daily trains to Detroit. Six daily trains to Indianapolis. Five daily trains to St. Louis. Five daily trains to Cincinnati.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88,